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VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 36.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 400.

One square, one insertion, \$1.00
A liberal discount for each subsequent insertion.
Regular advertisers will find our rates to be as moderate as those of any other respectable paper.
Business Notices, 15 cents per line. Advertising
Inserts in Local Columns, 20 cents per line.
Announcements of Marriages, Births and Deaths,
Funeral notices, etc.,
Obituaries, Testimonials of Respect, &c., will, here-
after, be charged at the rate of 5 cents per line,
instead of 10 cents, as heretofore.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE
in every particular, and our JOB PRINTING is ac-
knowledged the best in the State.
Prices to suit the times.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

OTHER HOUSES DO THE BLOWING.

J. WINTER & CO.

COR. THIRD AND MARKET STREETS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

DO THE SELLING!

They never deceive you in
your son's Sunday, eye
GO THERE FOR CERTAIN.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. BUCK, Pastor. Services
on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and
night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday after-
noon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. BARNES,
Superintendent.METHODIST.—Worship by the congregation ev-
ery Lord's day. Preaching by Eld. J. M. BUCK
on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School
at 9:30 A. M. R. E. BARNES, Superintendent.PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. S. BARNES, Pastor. Un-
ion Sunday School at 9:30. John W. BARNES,
Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednes-
day nights.PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. J. S. BARNES,
Pastor. Union Sunday School at 9:30. John W. BARNES,
Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednes-
day nights.

PROFESSIONAL.

W. H. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.Will practice in the courts of this and adjoining
counties and in the Court of Appeals. Office in
the Court House.J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office over McAlister & Lytle's Store.

S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house
Square.T. W. VARNON, WALLACE E. VARNON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.

Office in Court Square.

SAM. M. BURDETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MT. VERNON, KY.Will practice his profession in Rockcastle and
adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.
Special attention given to collections.LEE F. HUFFMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
STANFORD, KY.Office—South side Main Street, two doors above
the Myers Hotel.
Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when re-
quired.

MISCELLANEOUS.

N. SID PLATT,
No. 64 4th Street,
Louisville, - - Kentucky,
INVENTOR
AND MANUFACTURER
OF THE
"APOLLO YOKER" SHIRT.
Fine Lines of Men's Underwear.THE BEST PAPER!
TRY IT!
Beautifully Illustrated!
35TH YEAR.

The Scientific American!

The Scientific American is a large, first-class
weekly newspaper of 16 pages, printed in the most
beautiful style, and containing the most valuable
and interesting information in the world. It is
the most valuable paper in the world, and is
read by all the leading men of science, art, and
commerce. It is published by M. L. LEITCH,
No. 100 Nassau Street, New York.

PATENTS.

In connection with the Scientific American,
M. L. LEITCH, of New York, has secured the
exclusive right of procuring and procuring
patents for all the States and Territories of
the United States, and for all the foreign
countries to which the right of procuring
patents is extended.

Extraordinary Offer: Weekly Commercial on Trial.

As many persons are desirous of taking a paper
on trial, we have decided to give a copy of the
Weekly Commercial on trial, for one month, to
all who send us a card, stating that they wish
to take it on trial.

3 MONTHS FOR 10 CENTS!

This offer is made on the 1st day of January, 1880, and
will continue until the 31st day of March, 1880.
The Weekly Commercial is published weekly, except
on Sundays and holidays, and is sent by mail, free
of charge, to all who send us a card, stating that
they wish to take it on trial.

M. L. LEITCH, Proprietor.

No. 100 Nassau Street, New York.

This Old and Well-Known
Hotel Still Maintains its
High Reputation.—AND—
Its Proprietor is Determined that
it shall be Second to no Country
Hotel in the State in its Fare,
Appointments, or Atten-
tion to the Comfort of
its Guests.Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot
free of charge. Special accommodations for
commercial travelers. The Bar will be
always supplied with the choicest
brands of liquors and cigars. An
excellent table is attached.

Town Property For Sale!

I offer at private sale my Residence in the Eastern
part of the city of Louisville. It is one of the most
desirable residences in the city. The house is
large, comfortable, and well furnished. The
grounds are beautiful and well kept. The
price is \$10,000. For further information, apply
to J. O. EVANS, 297-41.

TO PEOPLE WHO CAN READ!

Your attention is invited to the announcement
that theCINCINNATI
WEEKLY
COMMERCIALA large 8-page, 48-column newspaper, not surpassed
in the country for News, Business Reports, Lit-
erary and Select Reading, will be furnished, post-
paid, 1 YEAR AND 3 MONTHS FOR \$1.This offer is made on the 1st day of January, 1880, and
will continue until the 31st day of March, 1880.
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M. L. LEITCH, Proprietor.

No. 100 Nassau Street, New York.

The Saddest Didge.

I have stood by the bed of the dying.
Whose heart hath oft pined for my hand,
I have seen, when that pale form was lying,
In the cold, silent home of the dead.The wind sighs around me so lonely,
It seems like the wail of the surge,
And each breath of my bosom is only
Over thoughts and faded a dirge.A dirge for the young and life loving
That glides from my desolate path,
As the splendors of sunset are moving
Away from the twinkling stars.For my life is a stern, wild sorrow,
That looks from my weary eyes,
And the gleam of a darker morning
O'er the path-way before me lies.A dirge for the aged and aching
Through the arches and sides of my heart,
And a strange, weird voice is singing
Of the light that must soon depart.O'er the faces that gleam in the night,
O'er the faces that gleam in the night,
But, oh, how my soul is haunted
With the smiles that can ne'er return!A dirge for the house of my childhood
That flees as I stand alone,
For the many old rock in the wild wood
With the shadows across it thrown;But, alas! for the anguish lying
So still in the throbbing breast!
The dirge for the heart that is dying
Is older than the first breath.

Nora's Fate.

"Nora's Fate" is a story of a girl who
And don't you forget it! And she said,
"Should every living creature die
And none be left but Jim and I,
I would not wed old Gaffer's son,
The low-lived, wall-eyed son of a gun!"The "swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May harbor for the ground-hog's nest;
The Ave's dove seems away backward turn,
The dove's nest, yet I may be sure;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed old Gaffer's son—
The low-lived, wall-eyed son of a gun.Still where the bull-dog lays her eggs
The swan still loves her people legs;
She'll downward fold the Ave's dove's wing,
And it will, to doubt, flow then forever;
But Nora's heart is lost and won—
She's wedded to old Gaffer's son—
The low-lived, wall-eyed son of a gun,
And they have seven children.

THE WINE GLASS.

Who hath won? Who hath won?
Who hath won? Who hath won?
They that tarry long at the
Wine Glass, they that
go to seek out Wine!
Then look not turn
upon the Wine when
it is red, when it
gives its color
in the
cup;
when it
mouths itself
rightly.
—At—
the last it bit-
eth like a serpent,
and stings like an adder.

The Drummer System.

It is estimated that there are 60,
000 to 80,000 commercial drummers
drawing the life-blood from the trade
of the country. If we assume a
mean number, upon which to base an
estimate of expense to commerce from
this quarter, we have 70,000; which
is probably not far from correct.The salaries and other pay of these
people range from \$600 minimum in
the Western cities, to \$10,000 maxi-
mum per annum in New York. Very
few attain the success that commands
the latter price, while he is a "scrub,"
who doesn't get more than the first.
Good or bad, their expenses while
traveling are about the same, and at
all times as great as good living can
make them. The lowest estimate of
the average cost to commerce of these
men, that we have seen, is (traveling
included), \$2,300 per annum. This
cost for one is equal to \$161,000,000
for the 70,000, or to the value of the
entire cotton crop of the United
States. If this could be saved to the
country, and these parasites, together
with the hotel-keepers, livery stable
keepers, bar keepers, and other hang-
ers-on whom they support could be
made to produce to their utmost ca-
pacity—as they consume—the saving
annually would be equal to more than
one-fourth the government debt.
When this large number of men are
contending for trade in times of de-
pression, it is no wonder there is cut-
ting and slashing. The struggle for
trade, or commissions also, tends to
lower the standard of credit, and
make bad debts. This system of do-
ing business is ruinous. Every mer-
chant wishes to be rid of it, but the
merchant in this city to take the ini-
tiative is wanting.The same force that is required in a
mercantile house to fill orders now,
could fill the orders with as much ease
if sent direct by the buyer, and very
little additional force would suffice
whilst the buyer is personally in the
market.Commercial intelligence has ad-
vanced to but little purpose if such an
evil as this can't be eradicated.—
[Louisville Trade Review.]HE TOLD HIM ALL ABOUT IT.—A
small boy was hoeing corn in a sterile
field by the roadside, near Bethel, In-
diana, when a passer-by stopped and
said:
"Pears to me your corn is rather
small."
"Certainly," said the boy. "It is
dwarf corn."
"But it looks yaller,"
"Certainly; we planted the yaller
kind."
"But it looks as if you wouldn't get
more than half a crop."
"Of course not," said the boy.
"We planted her on shares."

An American Drama.

ACT I.
Country Editor (to well to do mer-
chant)—"Wouldn't you like to take my
paper, Mr. Blank?"Merchant (with great cordiality)—
"Of course I would! Have been in-
tending to subscribe for a long time.
Send it up by all means."ACT II.—THREE MONTHS LATER.
Extract from leading editorial in the
Weekly Bugle—"We must urge
upon our readers the necessity of
prompt settlement of their subscrip-
tions, many of which are largely in
arrear. Please bear in mind that it
costs us a large amount to print our
paper. Country produce received at
ruling market prices."Merchant (after reading leader)—
"There! I must call in and pay Bangs
that \$2. Perhaps he needs it. But
there can be no particular hurry.
Two dollars isn't much."ACT III.—THREE MONTHS LATER.
Extract from Bugle office presenting
bill to merchant—"Please, sir, Mr.
Bangs wants to know if you won't
pay this today, as he has got to raise
some money to pay his bills."Merchant (somewhat nettled)—
"Tell Bangs I'll call in; am pretty
short to day. (Exit Devil.) Bangs
needn't be so mighty sharp with his
bills."ACT IV.—THREE MONTHS LATER.
Editor (with a sick and weary
smile)—"Good morning, Mr. Blank."
Merchant (shortly)—"Morning."
Editor (weakly)—"This little bill
that—"Merchant (fiercely)—"How much
is it?"Editor (sofly)—"Only \$2. I
wouldn't trouble you if—"Merchant (in great rage)—"There's
your \$2, and I want you to stop the
paper. I ain't in the habit of being
dunned to death for a mean paltry
sum as that. Now stop your misera-
ble sheet—and you hear me!"The poor editor, with a careworn
face, feebly staggers out the door—
having first gathered up the \$2.
N. B.—Plot taken from real life,
and is not fictitious.—[Rockland Cou-
rier.]Somewhat Like Crab Orchard Used
to Be.Scene, Main street. Bodie. Drama-
tist persona: An old resident and
a new arrival. Time, P. M.
O. R.—There goes Jack Dalling.
N. A.—Who's he?
O. R.—One of our first citizens.
Haven't you heard tell of him?
N. A.—No.
O. R.—Why, he killed Tom Wilk-
ins. He's a prominent saloon man.
There's Bill Thompson stepping up to
speak to him.
N. A.—Who's Thompson?
O. R.—One of our leading citizens.
Haven't you heard tell of him?
N. A.—No.
O. R.—That's queer. Why, he
killed Sandy Sowens and Aleck Hag-
gins and put Pete Scragg's eye out in
one night. He's a prominent saloon
man, too. Hullo, they're stooped to
speak to Abe Dickey!
N. A.—Who's Dickey?
O. R.—Oh, he don't amount to
nothing.
N. A.—Never killed any one, I
suppose?
O. R.—He kill any one! Pshaw!
He wouldn't kill no body. Hullo!
By thunder, then there's having a
spat. Hunt yer hole, stranger, they're
pullin' their pops.[They hunt their holes. Rapid fire-
ing ensues, and cease. Old resident
and new arrival emerge from under
the stove and seek information.]Time, 8 P. M.
O. R.—I tell you the camp ought
to be proud of that feller Abe Dick-
ey. He's got nerve. I hope the boys
will turn out big at the double fan-
tasy. I used to know Abe's brother in
the States. He come of a gritty fam-
ily. Wonder what his bail'll be?—
[Virginia Chronicle.]Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old
friend a few years before his death
who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just
sixty-five years since I first heard you
preach, and I remember your text
and a part of your sermon. You told
us that some people were very squeam-
ish about the delivery of different
ministers who preached the same gos-
pel. You said—Supposing you were
attending to hear a will read where
you expected a legacy to be left you,
would you employ the time when it
was reading, in criticizing the manner
in which the lawyer read it? No,
you would not; you would be giving
all ear to hear if any thing was left
you and how it much it was. That
is the way I would advise you to hear
the gospel.""I would rather," says the editor of
the Okolona States, "be a living as
than a dead lion." Nature having
gratified him in this particular, what
in the world is he growling about?

A Story of Woman's Devotion.

Twenty years ago, as the story goes,
there was a wedding. The bride was
of good family, and she loved her hus-
band with the characteristic devotion
of a wife. But she found herself
grievously disappointed, for in time
he inflicted a series of studied injuries
that eventually ended in the loss of
her character and a separation. She
drifted to this city and became the
proprietress of a house of bad repute,
in which terrible business she remains
to-day. For years there has lingered
in her heart memories of what she was
and what she might have been but for
this wretch whom she at one time
owned as a husband; and the dead
nothing but curses for the irrepara-
ble ruin he had wrought. The hus-
band continued at his old home and
prospered, and the world treated him
as an honorable man. He surround-
ed himself with new domestic ties, and
apparently prospered, but the old say-
ing that "the mills of the gods grind
slowly," had illustration in this case;
for with reverses in business came dis-
ease, and disaster followed so swiftly
that in a few years there was none so
poor as to do him reverence. Con-
sumption incapacitated him from mak-
ing a living, and the public hospital
was his only resort. Then it was that
he deserted and cruelly treated wife,
whose life of degradation had been of
his own making, sent for him and
was brought here and is now lying on
his death-bed in a residence apart
from her own, but surrounded with
every luxury that can possibly smooth
his descent to the grave. One of the
leading physicians of this city, a gen-
tleman high in profession, is his con-
stant medical attendant, and there is
hardly an hour of the day or night
but this woman is watching over him
with the tenderest solicitude. This is
no fiction.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

We Call Them Tramps.

A recent trip of the "City of Ches-
ter," of the Inman Line, from New
York to Liverpool, was enlivened by
the wit of a Washington girl, who
was the favorite passenger. In the
same steamer was a young English
snob, who wore a suit of clothes of
very large plaid, with a fatigue cap
to match, a single eye-glass, thick-soled
boots, spotted shirt and loud necktie.
He had that expiring drawl peculiar
to Mark Twain and English snobs.
"Aw, yaas," said he, in conversation
with the Washington girl, "I have
seen considerable of your country. I
have been to New York, Chicago,
Omaha, and other places, and it is a
gawty country; but you don't seem to
have any gawty in America." "What
do you call gawty?" asked the lady.
"Aw, why people, you know, who
don't have to do any thing, you know
—people who live without work."
"Oh, yes, we have such people," an-
swered the lady, "but we don't call
them gawty. 'Aw, then what do you
call them, pway?" "We call them
tramps." "Aw!"

A Church-going Horse.

We have been told of many intelli-
gent mules and horses. One case we
remember of a mule going into a
blacksmith's shop to have a nail pulled
from his foot is only equalled by the
story of a religious horse that was
told of the other day. He is owned
by Mr. Alexander, of Oswiece, Ala., who
rides him to church on preaching days,
which is twice a month. On other Sun-
days he is turned out to graze, and it is
on these days that he is so religious. He
goes down to the church, stops at the
tree where he is generally tied when there
is preaching, and with his head to-
wards the church, remains about an
hour and a half. He then walks leisurely
home. This is a fact, and will be
vouched for by any of the people of
Oswiece. — [Columbia (Ga.) En-
quirer.]THE OLEANDER.—This beautiful
plant, when under proper culture, is
truly a gem among flowers. This is a
good time for making cuttings of it.
The best way to root them is in a bot-
tle of rain water set in the window.
The cutting should be no deeper in
water than half way up to the second
joint, and when the rootlets get to be
half an inch long, carefully put in
rich, sandy loam. After the plant
blooms, cut back to within a foot or
fifteen inches of the ground, when
three branches will come out; let
them grow until it again blossoms, af-
ter which cut them all back about six
inches from the main stalk, and every
time it blooms repeat cutting back, and
in a few years a very beautiful
plant will be the result; in fact, with
proper care it will grow more beau-
tifully than any.Out of a State prison population of
20,197 throughout the United States,
13,186 are employed in mechanical
industries, earning an average of 40
cents a day.

How he was cured of Sweating.

John came in and inquired whether
dinner was ready, and was told it was
not.
"Well, why in the devil isn't it?"
said he.
"Because," she coolly replied, "the
wood was so d— wet that the fire
wouldn't burn.""Why, Mary, what is the matter
with you? Are you crazy or have
you been drinking?"
"Neither," she said, and quietly
proceeded to put on the dinner.The beef didn't melt like butter be-
tween the teeth—it rather resisted all
attempts at mastication, like so much
India-rubber; and finally John blurted
out:
"What makes this d— beef so infer-
nal tough?" Mary looked up archly
and replied:
"Well, John, I suppose you went
down to the butcher's and without
knowing the difference, picked out a
piece of some d— old stag that hadn't
been fed for a month."John jumped up, looked at his wife
in dismay, and wanted to know what
she language from her lips meant.
"It means just this, John: you are
the head of the family; and just as
long as you think it manly to swear in
my presence, I intend to do the same!
If you don't like to hear it you know
how to prevent it."The cure was radical, and to this
date Mary has never been compelled
to administer another dose of Dr.
N—'s prescription.

Study the Face.

A story is told of a great French
artist, which finely illustrates his
knowledge of human nature. He
was traveling in Germany, in entire
ignorance of its language and curren-
cy. Having obtained some small
change for some of his French coins,
he used to pay drivers and others in
the following manner: Taking a
handful of the numismatic specimens
from his pocket, he counted them one
by one into the creditor's hands, keep-
ing his eye fixed all the time on the
receiver's face. As soon as he per-
ceived the least twinkle of a smile he
took back the last coin deposited in
the hand, and returned it, with the
remainder to his pocket. He after-
ward found that in pursuing this
method he had not overpaid for any-
thing.

CURIOUS WAY OF CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

The Wagars of India are dis-
tinguished for truthfulness and ap-
parently great kindness to the weaker
sex. A woman of the Wagari tribe,
it is said, is not required to labor, and
she possesses, moreover, the curious
right, by long-established usage, of
choosing a man for her husband. The
choice is exercised by her in a novel
manner. She sends a hair-pin to the
man on whom she has set her affec-
tions, with the request that he will
pin a handkerchief to his cap. Should
he reciprocate her attachment, he is
only too pleased to carry out her wish-
es, and, when doing so, names the wo-
man who has sent the pin, whom he
is obliged to marry forthwith.It is strange that the popular prej-
udice in favor of narrow tires for wag-
ons and carts should be so firmly fixed
as to prevent the use of broad
tires. A wagon or cart with tires
three or four inches wide may be
drawn across a newly-plowed field
without cutting in, and on wet, muddy
roads the surface is not cut up but
is packed down. The better condition
of the roads and the saving of cost in
repairs to them by the use of broad
tires would be enormous every year.
Nevertheless, narrow tires are used
almost universally.—[Farm and Fire-
side.]A very earnest effort has been made
by the National Board of Health to
thoroughly disinfect Memphis. In this
important work there had been used,
by the end of September, upward of
170,000 pounds of copperas, 9,000
barrels of lime, 40 barrels of sulphur,
15 barrels of carbolic acid, 1,215 lbs.
of sulphate of zinc, and 1,200 gallons
of zinc iron.Two colored men while out coun-
trolling near Flint Hill, Rappahan-
nock County, Va., recently, became
separated. One found a tree with a
coon in it, and ascended to capture it.
His companion approaching the tree,
found the dog, as he supposed, treading
a coon, and fired into the tree, killing
his companion instantly.A teacher, endeavoring to familiar-
ize a little girl with the various coun-
tries of the Western Hemisphere, finally
asked, "If I were to bore a hole
through the earth and you were to go
through at this end, where would you
come out?" "Come out?" replied
the child, "why, I'd come out of the
hole, Miss!"The sun is 320,000 times larger than
the earth, and yet it persists in strik-
ing so small a thing as man.

Cooking Before Catching.

The Synod of Kentucky in its de-
liberations at Maysville, was deeply
agitated over what disposition was to
be made with "Campbellites" when
they applied for admission into the
Presbyterian Church. The question
was whether the baptism of a "Camp-
bellite" is valid baptism. This ques-
tion has engaged the attention of the
Synod before, and one year ago a com-
mittee was appointed to devise a
means of putting the question to rest.
This committee reported last week,
recommending the reference of the
entire question to the General Assem-
bly. This view was taken by Drs.
Yerkes, Humphreys and Archibald,
but Dr. Beatty, President of Centre
College, argued very forcibly in favor
of committing it to the discussion of
the sessions of the churches, and in-
timated that this would be the re-
sult of its reference to the Assembly.
This kind of debate is amusing to those
to whom it has reference, and they
think it would be well to catch a few
of their fish before the mode of cook-
ing is determined upon

